

# ENVER BEY, MOST FASCINATING FIGURE OF THE WAR

Enver Bey, Dictator of Turkey, a Glorified Ruffian Adored For His Sweetness and Handsome Face, His Readiness With Gun and Fists, and His Ability to Manufacture Revolutions.

THE idol of the Turkish people, the hated of the allies, the Beau Brummel of Asia and the bare-fisted, knockabout fighter of Mohammedanism; the Apollo of the Asiatic continent and the most reckless gunman of the east.

This, in a paragraph, is Enver Bey Pasha, the dictator of Turkey, the Turkish sultan and supreme council rolled into one; the commander-in-chief of all the Turk forces and the brilliant star to which the destinies of the Turks are irrevocably hitched.

He is the glorified ruffian of the Young Turk movement. He is the dare-devil who went into Tripoli disguised as a beggar and organized the splendid resistance of the almost unarmed Arabs to the invading Italians. He is the uproarious swashbuckler who deposed the Sultan Abdul Hamid and who at the point of a revolver dissolved a Turkish cabinet which had all but surrendered to the great powers in the first Balkan war. He is the firebrand Turk who, in the second Balkan war, sent out the Turk armies to reconquer and hold nearly every foot of land which they had lost in the first war. He is the glorious youth who dragged Turkey into the great war as the ally of the kaiser.

Turkey never before has produced so glorified a ruffian as young Enver Bey. He is beloved for his sweetness, his handsome face and carriage and his well-bred gentleness. He is worshiped for his quickness with a gun, for his readiness to

smash his closed fist into any face, base or noble. He is lauded to the skies for his genius in manufacturing revolutions to order. He is admired for his wonderful and costly clothes. He is far and away the most fascinating figure of the entire war.

Enver Bey first became hero of Young Turkey when he broke open the door of the grand council room in Constantinople two years ago this spring while that august body was preparing a reply to the collective note of the European powers on the Balkan war. The reply was a peaceful reply and conceded all that the powers demanded.

Sword in hand, and backed by the other Young Turks, the young Enver Bey bluntly told the aged grand vizier, Kiamil Pasha, to resign. Bowed down with the weight of his eighty-four years, the statesman signed his own deposition.

Immediately Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, commander of the army that dethroned Abdul Hamid, was made grand vizier. And thus was established a government in Turkey resulting from a combination of the army with the Committee of Union and Progress which expressed the policy of the Young Turks.

With Enver Bey at their head they clamored for the retention of Adrianople, and they did retain it. They announced their readiness to go on with the war, and they did go on. A new Turkey was born and young Enver Bey became the youthful father of his ancient country.

Only so uproarious and swashbuckling

a type as Enver Bey could have carried this earlier accomplishment and his present program through. Enver Bey is young and reckless, and because he is both, he is the darling of his troops. He is the only glorious figure that Turkey has produced in decades.

His enemies have denied to him either wisdom, experience or caution. They assert he is rash, insolent and violent and that only his untamed spirit and the love of all those about him help him through his emergencies. He is the living representative of that secret society by which supreme power has again been seized in Turkey as it has many times before.

Enver Bey is not a figurehead, and is scarcely even an acknowledged leader, yet he laid the plot that overthrew the sultan and Kiamil and prepared all those plans by which Turkey entered the war as the kaiser's ally.

Often he takes trips through the length and breadth of Turkey in disguise and suddenly bounds into the office of an official in remote districts to see that he is accomplishing properly the work that has been entrusted to him. He is served by the most elaborate and perfect spy system in the land of spies.

Enver Bey is young. He is only thirty-four years old. Most statesmen who have gained fame have had it come to them generally when they were at least twice that age. Moreover, along with his youth he is the Apollo of the Turks. He is distinguished from his brothers in arms and statecraft in that



## Some Springtime Poses and Posies



he is barbered ten times over. When he was at the court of Vienna as Turkish attaché there was no more elegant figure in that elegant capital.

Unlike so many of the officials of Turkey, Enver Bey has escaped the stoutness which spoils the best of looks. He is slim, wiry and graceful. He wears colors and does not look grotesque in them as so many of his countrymen do. He loves both colors and display. When he wears his full dress uniform he takes second place to no one in his flaming scarlet and red and blue, with his buttons of shining gold and his splendid leather boots which reach up to his knees. Where others would look operative or pretty in this uniform Enver Bey looks impressive.

He also likes the noise he can make. On his boots he wears jangling spurs which he likes to click together at any opportunity. His boots, generally, are almost as long as his legs, and he brings them down with heavy tread. An enormous sword perpetually clanks at his side. On his hand he wears heavy gloves and has a habit of bringing them together in resounding claps.

But there is nothing of tinsel in anything that Enver Bey wears. He will have only the real. The buttons of his uniform are not plated, but of solid refined gold. His sash is of the best of eastern silk and his collar is of all rare lace.

There is no getting around it. Enver Bey is exquisite and a doll of fashion. His leanings in this respect have been traced by some of his friends to his Egyptian mother. She was a lady of pure Moslem birth and was brought up in Turkey amidst all the luxuries that a wealthy husband could bring her. She had swimming eyes, "soft and pleading like the gazelle," as one Paris paper has put it. "In her romantic moods, but flashing as the Damascus blade flashes when this fiery spirit is most itself."

And these same eyes are Enver Bey's. If it had not been for Germany and for his military associations in Germany Enver Bey might have gone down in history as the Beau Brummel of his land. But early in life he let was sent with the army, became German officer. Like the kaiser and his officers, Enver Bey wears his mustache thickly and

he shaves close before breakfast, smokes an astonishing amount of cigarettes and can drink such fiery draughts as cognac without blinking an eye.

In other respects he is decidedly European. He lets alone the thick, sweet coffee of his country and drinks his beverage in French style. He takes Turkish coffee only on ceremonial occasions.

Another alarming European custom he has adopted is the marrying of only one wife. A niece of the sultan is his one and only wife. She lives in more or less seclusion, and if it were not for harming her husband's chances of success among his people she, with his willing consent, would live her life as unrestrained as a European woman. She likes, it is said, French novels, and so does her husband.

It is only incidentally that Enver Bey is a diplomatist and statesman. First and foremost he is a man of the cape and sword. There is none to deny that he is a real soldier. He learned how to handle infantry in the school of experience. In the Yemen in Albania he led his company successfully under hot fire.

His theoretical education was gained in the military academy at Constantinople, and these things that will advance the interests of his country. Vainly is one of his weaknesses, but he has much excuse for it. He is entirely firm in his devotion to the true faith, but neglects some of its most solemn ceremonies. It is said that sometimes he enters mosques without removing his boots. Not for anything would he kneel down in the streets at sundown and pray to the prophet.

The faithful look askance at his lack of sacred religion. But Enver Bey sees himself right in their eyes by his fury in fighting for the faith and his refusal to abandon an inch of the soil that has been won with the Turkish sword. Another side of him which has won the undying devotion of the faithful is his belief in the efficacy of a holy war. Since Turkey made her declaration of war he has exerted every effort to make a Jihad possible. What success he has had time only will show.

Some of the most conservative Turks he displeases by what they call his propensity for injecting himself into European journals. They point out that he is always to the fore when dispatches have to be filed for transmission to the leading European papers. And at the same time, they say, Enver Bey, the thunderbolt, never knows what is going on in Turkey. They say, too, that his hotness of temper, his incurable indiscretions and his want of tact make him an impossible man for any post.

But to all these objections and criticisms his friends point out the Turkish successes; he has been responsible for. He has risked his life and his country a hundred times in daring moves and has always come out winner. He took his life in his hands in that desperate march from Salonica which ended in the deposition of the sultan. Again he took his life into his hands when in disguise he slipped into Tripoli and so successfully led the Arab resistance to the Italian invasion. He is alive today because he is so much quicker in the use of a revolver than any man he meets.

His gift, when all is said and done, is for being a popular hero. The exploits he performs are as brilliant and impossible as are to be found in the most thrilling of romances. He seems intuitively to recognize the right moment. He has an almost miraculous ability of being able to save the day in any crisis. He never rushes against a door when it is locked, but awaits the proper time to kick it down. He is not at all adverse to dealing an energetic physical blow at the right person at the right time. Violence is his business, his specialty and his luck, so far. He has a way of being violent which is polite enough to satisfy a Frenchman. His birth and breeding throw a glamour of romance over every impossible thing he does.